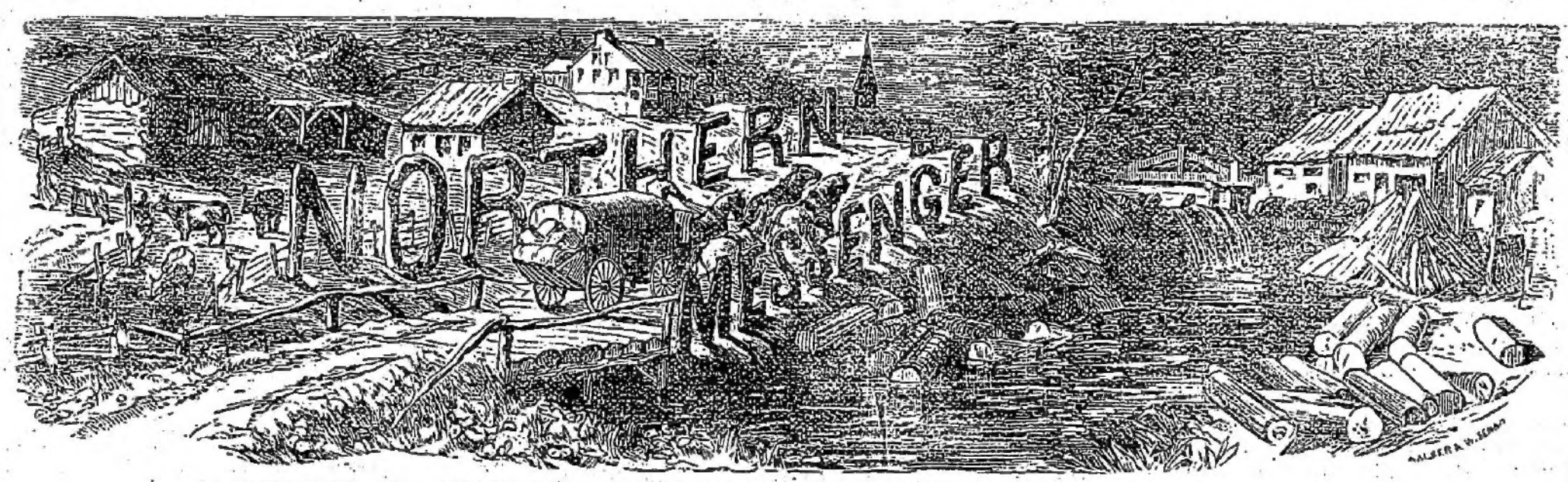

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

BY THE HON. S. WELLS WILLIAMS.

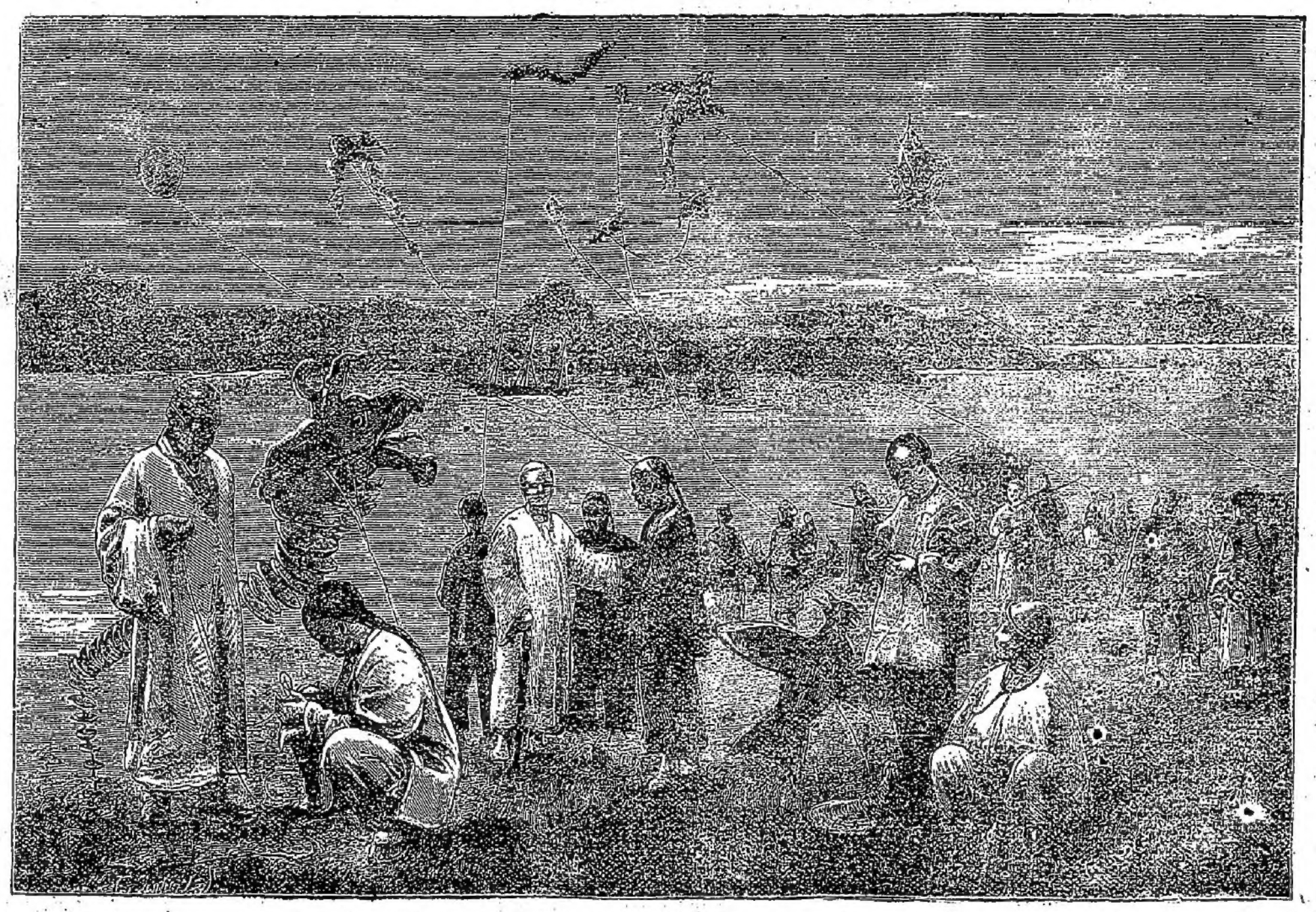
The pastime of flying kites has probably been carried to a greater extent among the Chinese than any other people, for with them it is not limited to lads, and the group in the picture of the boy helping the old man with spectacles to raise his flying dragon aloft is not at all an unusual sight. The various devices of the kite-makers to get out new patterns for the kite-flying season stimulate the boys to show their dexterity in using them.

The Chinese name for a paper kite is the *che yao*, and has exactly the same meaning as our own term. The *yao* is a species of kite or glede common in Northern China, and many of these birds make their nests in the trees and towers of Peking, getting their living as scavengers and pilferers from the streets beneath. The gliding flight of the bird, so smoothly sailing through the air with hardly any motion of the wings, has no doubt, in both countries, suggested the same name to its paper imitation. The Orientals, in this craft, have far exceeded the Occidentals, as every traveller who has watched the whistling, singing machines over the city of Canton on a breezy winter's day will testify. Another name is *fung chang*, or wind harpsichord, from the contrivance often attached to the kite to make a twanging, burring sound while in the air.

The Chinese have a legend about this amusement, which dates from early times, and furnishes the authority for the annual festival of kite-flying in November on the ninth day of the ninth moon. They say that a certain seer warned a friend of his to leave the house on that day with all his family. He did so, spending the time in visiting his ancestral graves and flying kites on the hills, and when he returned home in the evening found that all his domestic animals were dead. The usage thus suggested, now known as *tang kao* (ascending heights), has become general, and in the vicinity of large cities, like Canton and Foochow, the day, if fine, becomes one of the jolliest in the year, drawing tens of thousands away from their study and work to enjoy a much-needed diversion and exercise. It is really one of the few holidays they have, but is more observed in Southern than in Northern China, probably owing to the milder climate in November.

The shapes of the kites imitate birds, reptiles, butterflies, tigers, insects, and fish, as well as wheels, men riding, spectacles, and baskets of flowers, etc. Their great skill in imitation is well shown when a fish-hawk is seen soaring over a harbor like that at Macao, and its paper counterfeit is flying to and fro over the same water, so closely resembling it that it was once mistaken by a sportsman for the real bird. Mr. Doolittle estimates the crowds gathered on the hills near Foochow, if the day and the breeze be favorable, as numbering over thirty thousand people, and that a large staff of policemen are in readiness to repress tumults. It is a part of the fun to try in every way to cut each other's kite-strings, or interfere in some way or other with its flying, so as to bring the kite down.

The form of a serpent or centipede is com-



KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

mon, and the peculiar motion of a snake is well imitated in these kites, which are sometimes thirty feet long. Another device is to have four or five hawks so attached to a central hoop that they are made to hover over it by separate cords and pulled in and out as if contending over a quarry. Most persons resort to the hills on this day chiefly to enjoy the diversion and have a picnic. Just before returning home they prepare their kite, on which a felicitous sign, the name of a lucky star, or a fine sentence is attached, and send it up. When sky-high the string is cut, and the kite is supposed to carry with it all the evils impending over the family away into the wilderness. This superstitious notion is probably common, but does not explain the general popularity of this diversion, which is owing to its fascinating variety, sport, and beauty. Mr. Doolittle mentions one of great size, made up of many smaller ones resembling domino blocks, held to the main stem, and each block adorned with a rush at each end four or five feet long. Small ones like butterflies and snakes furnish amusement and practice to children, who, as they grow up, try their skill on larger ones.

Silk, tough mulberry paper, or grasscloth, stretched over light frames of bamboo and rattan, constitute the principal materials of kites. The æolian attachment is made in various ways. Sometimes it is done by fastening on a hammer cut on the principle of a whistle; at other times a series of thin reeds is so placed that the wind sweeps through them as through a row of harp-strings; and, again, a few loose splints of rattan noisily vibrate as the kite is held against the breeze. When one hears ten or twenty of these aerial harpsichords at once, as is often the case at Canton on a winter's day, the effect is singularly pleasant.

A legend referring to these singing kites is related in Chinese history. It is connected with Lin Pang, one of their great heroes, who subdued the empire to his sway, B. C 209, and founded the dynasty of Han. He had enclosed the general of the opposing army in such a way that he felt sure of victory on the morrow. The beleaguered captain was in despair of help, when the device of flying a great number of buzzing kites over the other host during the night was suggested in order to startle them from their sleep. As the wind brought the kites over the sleeping camp, they seemed to say, "*Fu-han! fu-han!*" (Han, beware! Han, beware!" This was taken as a timely warning of sudden peril, and away the soldiers of Lin Pang fled, to the delight of their foes, thus rescued from their dilemma.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

FOUR GOOD REASONS.—Here are Dr. Thomas Guthrie's excellent reasons for being a total abstainer: "I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits: I am hale because I use no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drugs, because I take no poison in the form of drinks. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one. 1. My health is stronger. 2. My head is clearer. 3. My heart is lighter. 4. My purse is heavier."

LEAVES, PLANTS AND ROOTS.—Here is a remedy for the ills of flesh and spirit, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any person respectable and happy:

Leave off smoking and drinking.
Leave off chewing and snuffling.
Leave off swearing.
Plant your pleasures in the home circle.
Plant your business in some honorable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habits in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affections in God.
For directions see the Holy Scriptures—*Christian Sun.*

Temperance Department.

MR. CAMPBELL FOSTER, Q.C., ON TOBACCO.

Writing to the chairman of a meeting on Juvenile Smoking, held in Manchester, Mr. Campbell Foster said:—

The resolutions you propose to offer to the meeting may do some good; but they cannot be thoroughly effective so long as grown up fathers perpetually indulge in smoking in the presence and knowledge of their sons.

Lads and young men are by nature imitative, and full of emulation. They will imitate their fathers, because they think, naturally enough, it must be right to do so, and that it is clever to do as their fathers and other grown-up men do.

They find it a nauseous and difficult task at first, and their emulation is fired to try and master the difficulty.

Strong grown-up men, habituated to smoking, may not be conscious of much harm from an indulgence in the habit. But, nevertheless, in the end they will find out—in dyspepsia and all its evils; in accelerated age; in loss of both mental and physical vigor, and in an enfeebled constitution—what a daily dose of narcotic poison has done for them.

But for lads and very young men to smoke is a far more serious, rapid, perceptible, and permanent mischief. Lads and very young men are growing—their bones and muscles and brain have to grow bigger. They require much and nourishing food to enable this natural process to go on. Stop the adequate food, or its nourishing quality, and the bones and muscles and brain cease to grow. The lad becomes a stunted, undersized, sickly-looking, and feeble-minded young man; and as long as he lives, that is his type of manhood. The doctors will tell you that food, in order to be nourishing, must be well digested; that undigested food is rather harmful than otherwise, and destroys the appetite for more, for the stomach cannot get rid of that which is already in it. Digestion is partly a mechanical and partly a chemical process. The food is kept moving round in the stomach by a peculiar muscular action of the stomach itself, and in so doing all parts of it are exposed to, and mixed up with, certain chemical agents which tend to dissolve and digest it. These agents are the saliva exuded by certain glands of the mouth, and intended by nature to be mixed with the food while eating; and the gastric juices exuded by the coats of the stomach itself. It is a mere common-sense deduction that if you excite the salivary glands by smoking and spit out and waste the saliva which nature intended to assist in digesting the food taken, you partly destroy one of the chemical agents which is to digest it. But that is not all; nicotine, the poison contained in the fumes of tobacco, partially paralyzes the nerves of the stomach, acts violently upon its lining membrane—so much so, as frequently to produce sickness in young men after smoking—and thus partially destroys the proper supply of the gastric juices by the stomach, the other chemical agent that was intended by nature to perfect the digestion of the food. It does more than this; the same paralyzing effect of the narcotic poison absorbed by the coats of the stomach, weakens and injures the peculiar muscular action of the stomach, which has the effect of turning the food round and round and mixing it up with the chemical agents which nature intended to dissolve and digest it. From these various causes the digestion of the food taken is imperfectly performed, and the food taken in consequence lacks nourishment, or, as the phrase is, the young man's "food does him no good." Hence lads and young men who smoke, from the certain operation of the above law of nature, cease to grow, become pallid, and stunted in their figure, and their brain like their body wants the vigor and the elasticity and the spring which are the peculiar charm and high privilege of youth; and your just grown-up lad sinks into that peculiarly offensive individual, a prematurely old and blase young man.

Tobacco smoking, too, in young men, leads to drinking. A young man who has made himself half sick by smoking, and incapable, in consequence, of properly fulfilling any duty he has to perform, will resort to drams of raw spirit, if he can get them, to put himself "right" and make himself feel comfortable again; or to a draught of beer for the same purpose. These habits grow upon him. Thus the young man, whom nature intended for a fine, manly, brisk, and clever young fellow, becomes from the pernicious vice of smoking, an undersized, pallid, sodden-looking, stupid, and feeble-minded youth, of whom his relatives and friends have every reason to feel ashamed.—*Anti Narcotic League.*

A HOUSE OF DEATH.

Some months ago, the author was walking through the beautiful village of O—, North Riding of Yorkshire, in company with a farmer who had resided all his life upon a farm in the neighborhood. The rural scenery around was very beautiful, with here and there touches of the romantic; presently we came to a very respectable looking public-house by the roadside. The landlady, who was a widow, stood at the door, and recognizing my companion, nodded to him, and he returned the salutation. The landlady was a fine portly looking dame, with black silk dress and gold chain hanging down to the waist, and altogether in keeping with the house. I remarked to my companion, "That certainly is a very respectable looking public-house, and a very courteous and respectable landlady, too." My companion replied, "You are quite correct; that public-house is the most respectably conducted house in this neighborhood, and that landlady is a most respectable woman; but I wish to tell you something about that house. Thirty years ago that house was licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquor, and year after year that license has been renewed. Now, during those thirty years, how many victims think you have perished in consequence of the drink obtained at that house?" Not liking to hazard a guess, he said, "Well, then, I will tell you. In the course of those thirty years, to my certain knowledge, thirty victims have perished most miserably in consequence of the liquor obtained at that house. Some of them were opulent farmers belonging to this neighborhood, and others were gentlemen of independent fortunes. Some of them, before their death, were reduced almost to penury, and most of them died young, or in the prime of life. Two or three of them were carried out of that house insensible, and died shortly afterward in their own homes, and others of them died of fever, or of *delirium tremens* supervening on a debauch at that house."

If so much misery be inflicted and so many deaths be occasioned by a public-house, said to be respectably conducted, and situated amid beautiful scenery, so well calculated to withdraw men from vice and noisy revelry to the quiet contemplation of God's works, then what must be the misery inflicted, and the deaths occasioned, in connection with those public-houses not so respectably conducted, and situated in the neighborhood of factories, or in the densely crowded portions of our large towns?—*Bacchus Dethroned.*

WHERE DOES THE SIN COMMENCE?

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state furthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober, who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled! This is sin; awful sin; for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth! Is not every step from the natural state of the system toward the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul!—*John Bright.*

A SCANTY DINNER.

They who forsake their homes that they may enjoy the pleasures of convivial life and dissolute companionship, seem to know little and care less for the sorrows and privations endured by those whom they are bound to love and honor and cherish and provide for. They spend their time and means in idle amusements and riotous living, while at the home there is hunger and poverty and want and woe. Usually such men seem determined to drown all sense of obligation to the unholy delights to which they have yielded their souls, and it is difficult to rouse them from the stupor into which they have been thrown by the combined influence of vicious indulgence and alcoholic and narcotic stimulants.

Sometimes a spirited and energetic woman will express her opinion in some way which will lead them to consider; and it is hard to make any lesson too pungent and personal in its application to the wayward and dissolute votaries of vice and sin. An instance is recorded where a man was in the habit of spending his days and nights lounging about saloons and grogshops, gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the saloon bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise while she said,

"I thought, husband, that as you were so busy and had not time to come home to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Dear husband: I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the same kind that your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are through the length and breadth of the land who are pursuing the same wretched course. Would that some voice of God speaking within their souls, might awake them to a sense of their obligations and their sins, and turn their feet unto the testimonies of the Lord.—*The Safeguard.*

SLAVES YET!

"What! slaves now?"

"Yes, Harry, there are slaves now. I saw one yesterday who was completely under the control of his master."

"Not in Rhode Island?"

"Yes, in the cars. His master kept him away from the rest of the company, in a car provided for such slaves. Although quite a young man, his face has a sallow, dried-up look, with sleepy, watery eyes."

"He wasn't black, then?"

"No; he would have been as white as you are, if he hadn't had such a smoked look."

"Oh, I guess I know what you mean, mother. Was he a slave to smoking?"

"Yes, Harry, that is what I mean. His master is a little, black, dirty cigar. And he is as much under its control as the veriest slave down South was ever under the control of his master. He is lively, social, and likes society; but as he is not admitted into the company of refined ladies and gentlemen, if his master is with him, he prefers lower associates, with whom he can enjoy his master's presence."

"Isn't it a kind of slavery that is enjoyable, then, mother?"

"It is only that kind of enjoyment, when the lowest or animal part of his nature says to the higher, or heavenly part, 'Get down here and let me trample on you and crush you under my feet.'"

"No boy is born a slave to smoking or drinking, or any of those bad masters. Every man who is steeping his brain in tobacco smoke or liquor, walks right into slavery himself."—*The Rev. A. Sims.*

THE TELEGRAPHIC DISEASE.

Some of the most skilful women telegraph operators become afflicted with what is called the telegraphic disease. It is a form of nervous exhaustion caused by close confinement, unvarying attention, insufficient air and exercise, too close-fitting clothing. The most skilful operators suffer most. Telegraph operating is not a very healthful occupation, and all who follow that business should spend considerable time out of doors and at some physical exercise every day. Above all, the diet should be nourishing, easy digested, and plenty of oatmeal and cracked wheat may profitably enter into the daily food; all stimulating drinks had better be avoided. Tea is especially bad in such cases. It seems strange that young women will seek positions so dangerous to the health without thoroughly acquainting themselves with the best methods of avoiding the evils to which they are exposed. We cannot omit on this point to censure employers who overwork and often underpay their help, and work them like animals. They ought to insist on obedience to the laws of health as far as possible. Many employers really murder those they employ, and this is especially true of great corporations, which are said truly to have no souls. A case in point is that of a certain factory for the manufacture of lead paint near New York. The law does not require any sanitary thoughtfulness on the part of the company, and so they employ men at most hazardous work, without sanitary care, till they are used up, and then they send others to their places without giving them the slightest warning of the danger they run, or taking the slightest care themselves to prevent it. No board of health or sanitary law can reach such cases, and so public sentiment must be educated up to a point which will recognize these evils. In France there are laws which prohibit a company from endangering the lives and health of those who work in lead factories and other dangerous employments without such precautions as will limit as far as possible the danger. Similar laws might be useful in this country, and applied to many occupations not heretofore included, such as telegraph operating.

REST AND DIGESTION.

If the full and proper digestion of our food is not secured, the system is not and cannot be nourished. That such digestion may proceed normally, it is needful that the stomach may be in order and healthy, as well as the body as a whole, one important condition being rest. This rest, just before the meal, is as important as that afterward, both needful that the powers of the stomach &c. may be ready for their appropriate labors. It is a question whether sleep before or after a meal is of any real value, since this implies quiet and relative inactivity; and yet the rest secured by such an act is always serviceable. It is true that ordinary laborers, those whose duties do not specially tax either body or mind, who have not the feeling of exhaustion, may come to the meal with no special preparation, while the toiler, the brain-worker, whose blood and vital forces are centred in the brain temporarily, demand at least a half-hour of quiet, though the brain-worker may properly spend half of this in vigorous exercise, that the brain-charged victim may divert some of the blood to the small vessels of the surface and to the limbs. Some may feel that there is not time for such rest, and yet there is time for the performance, ordinarily, of all duties, and if the time is not properly taken, it will be devoted to sickness.

"Haste makes waste," and in no way is this made more manifest than in the hot haste to reach the table and in hotter haste at that table, in the Yankee style of "bolting" food, instead of chewing and swallowing it in a civilized and Christianized manner. As a result of such haste, the organs of digestion are unprepared for their labor, really crippled, the food is but imperfectly chewed, —washed down with hot tea or coffee,—and of course but imperfectly mixed with the solvent, saliva, reaching the stomach in a very crude state. The stomach is weakened by unusual toil, does its work imperfectly, the assimilating organs appropriating but a fraction of the nourishment; in which circumstances the over-taxed brain is under-fed, the whole system robbed of its stimulus by needless haste, a haste that always leaves its sting behind. Hence such brain-toilers and others who feel that they have insufficient time for their meals, for rest and sleep, are often dyspeptics, morose, irritable and unhappy and making others so, living in an "awful world."—*Watchman.*

A NEW REMEDY FOR SCURVY.

A most important discovery, and one which seems likely to prove of inestimable service—particularly to those engaged in Arctic exploration—has been made during Professor Nordenskjold's recent successful voyage in the "Vega," in search of the North-East Passage. Among the ailments to which sailors generally—and those voyaging in the North Polar regions especially—are subject, none is more dreaded than scurvy; and hitherto lime-juice and certain other anti-scorbutics have alone been relied upon to combat it. Another excellent remedy has, however, now been found by the naturalists who accompanied Professor Nordenskjold, and this consists of a peculiar little berry, produced by a plant which is said to have a brief existence amid the snow and ice during the short Arctic summer. The plant seems to yield the berries in great abundance, the latter forming a fruit which is in great request among some of the natives of the coasts where it is found; and, except that it is rather more acid, its flavor is not unlike that of our own raspberry. When used on board the "Vega," the berries were prepared by first being dried, then preserved in the milk of reindeer, and afterward allowed to freeze—in which condition they can be kept for a very considerable time. As a proof of their efficacy, it is stated that there was not a single case of scurvy during the entire voyage of the "Vega," though there were nearly thirty persons on board.

HOW TO APPLY A FOMENTATION.

Good Health says: "One of the best remedies known for bruises, sprains, boils, neuralgias, rheumatism, gout, colic, and a host of maladies we might name, is fomentation; but it must be applied thoroughly. The first thing requisite is a soft flannel of a sufficient size to well cover the part to which it is to be applied after being folded four thicknesses. Fold as to be applied, and then dip in very hot water, lifting it out by the corner and placing it in the middle of a towel. Roll up quickly lengthwise of the towel, and wring nearly as dry as possible by twisting the ends of the towel. In this way the fomentation can be wrung out much hotter than with the hands. Of course it will be too hot to apply to the bare flesh; but do not waste heat by letting it cool. Protect the skin by one or more thicknesses of flannel and apply at once, covering with another dry flannel. The fomentation will gradually warm through, and will retain its heat two or three times as long as when applied in the ordinary way.

"When heat is required a long time, a bag of hot meal, hot salt, or sand, a hot brick or bottle, or, best of all, a rubber bag filled with hot water may be used, being covered with moist flannel when moist heat is necessary.

DANGER FROM BAD EGGS.

At this season of the year it is often difficult to obtain eggs that are fresh unless they are procured from some farmer who will guarantee their freshness. During warm weather eggs speedily undergo changes akin to putrefaction. The shell but partially protects its contents from the destructive action of germs, unless it is rendered impervious by the application of some substance capable of filling the pores so that the air cannot pass through. An Englishman who has investigated the subject quite thoroughly, finds, upon a careful microscopical examination, that stale eggs often contain certain peculiar cells of a fungoid character. These seem to be developed from the yolk of the egg, that portion which should furnish the material to form the flesh and bones of the chick which the egg would have produced by development under favorable conditions. Eggs containing these cells produced a poisonous effect upon dogs to which they were fed. We knew a case in which a whole family were seized with violent purging in consequence of the use of stale eggs; at least the difficulty could be assigned to no other cause.

Eggs grow lighter as they grow older, by the evaporation of their fluid contents, causing the internal portion to shrink. This leaves a small air space at one end, which becomes larger as the egg is older, and if it is very stale it will float when placed in water. Such eggs should be discarded as unfit for food.—*Good Health.*

SUGAR FROM RAGS.—To the eye of the chemist all things are clean; and there is now in Germany a manufactory which turns out daily 1,000 pounds of pure grape-sugar made from old linen. An understanding of the process helps somewhat to dispel the unpleasant feelings we experience on hearing of the fact. Clean old linen is pure vegetable fibrine, and when treated with sulphuric acid it is converted into dextrine. This is washed with lime-water, then treated with more acid, and it changes almost immediately and crystallizes into glucose, or grape-sugar, which is so highly valued in the making of rich preserves and jellies. The process is said to be economical, and the sugar is found to be chemically the same as that of the grape; nevertheless, a popular outcry has, we believe, been raised against the rag-sugar factory in Germany, and it is in danger of being put down. Regarded in a scientific spirit there is, perhaps, little difference between the transmutation of rags into sugar in the laboratory, and of manure into grapes by the vine; but, unfortunately, the association of its origin will cling about the artificial product in spite of ourselves.

PROPAGATION OF DISEASE.—Professor Tyndall asserts that diseases are propagated not by effluvia, or sewer-gas, but by solid particles discharged into the atmosphere by currents of air or gas. This he proved by the following experiment: He cut up a piece of steak, steeped it in water, heated it at a little above the temperature of the blood, then strained off the liquid. In a short time this liquid became turbid, and when examined through a microscope was found to be swarming with living organisms. By the application of heat these were killed, and when the solution was filtered, he obtained a perfectly pure liquid, which if kept perfectly free from particles of dust, would remain pure for an unlimited period; but if a fly were to dip its leg in fluid containing living organisms and then into the pure liquid, the whole would be swarming with animalcula in forty-eight hours.

THE DUST OF THE STREET.—The dust of the street would seem a worthless thing to most people; but, nevertheless, the man of science detects something valuable even here. Signor Parnetti, a Forentine experimentalist, has for some time past been analyzing the dust, not only of his native town but of Paris, and finds to his satisfaction that the *debris* of the Paris carriage-ways uniformly yields some 35 per cent. of iron abraded from the horses' shoes; while that of the foot-ways may be made to return a regular average of 30 per cent. of glue.

AUTOMATIC POSTAL INDICATOR.—At the recent Sanitary Congress held in Croydon, there was exhibited a simple self-acting contrivance for indicating on pillar letter-boxes the time when the next collection will be made. By this system—which has been in use for some time in both Manchester and Liverpool—a person is informed whether or not he is in time for the particular collection he desires his letter to go with. The indicator is worked by the postman in the act of closing the door of the box.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE CHICAGO *Medical Gazette* contains a few pungent paragraphs on the administration of chloroform, frequently resulting in death to the unfortunate patient. The writer calls attention to the admitted fact, that in every 2,000 inhalations of this drug, one person dies, making the chances of death about three times as great as at the battle of Gettysburg, where one was killed to every 6,000 cannon and musket balls discharged. He calls attention to the admitted fact that sulphuric ether is an anæsthetic, the use of which is almost absolutely free from danger.

PAPER SHEATHING FOR SHIPS.—Some time ago a vessel was undergoing repairs in the Portsmouth dry-dock, and it was then observed that no barnacles or sea-weeds had adhered to her bottom at a place on which a piece of paper was found sticking fast. Further experiments in pursuance of this hint have ended in a patent being taken out for sheathing ships in paper. As the latter can be easily impregnated with poison, it may also be made to act as a guard against boring worms as well as ordinary fouling.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

DOMESTIC.

BEEFSTEAK.—Have a very small piece of sirloin steak, rather thick. When everything is ready on the tray, put the steak over a clear coal fire to broil; cook eight minutes; season with salt; dish on a warm plate and serve immediately.

OATMEAL BREAD.—To one quart of cold oatmeal mush add a pint of water, and after beating smooth mix with white flour or wheat middlings to the consistency of a stiff batter; use a teacup scarcely full of yeast, let it rise over night; in the morning add white flour until it can be moulded nicely in the form of a loaf, and then let it rise and bake.

RICE SHAPES.—Pound half a pound of rice; put it into cold water and boil it until nearly soft; add a pint of sweet milk. Boil it, stirring all the time, until sufficiently thick. Sweeten and flavor to your taste. Dip your moulds (blanc-mange moulds) first in cold water. The shapes will turn out in half an hour. Dish it with boiled custard or syllabub, or preserves and cream are still nicer.

FRUIT GEMS.—I make Graham gems sometimes by mixing in stewed apple, part sweet and part sour, and use but little water. I have made baked puddings in the same way, except that I use more sour apple and mix them thinner. A good sauce can be made of the juice of sour boiled apple by putting in sugar and a little flour or corn-starch; then boil a few minutes.

CARROT SOUP.—The day before this soup is required boil three pounds of good soup beef in a gallon of water until reduced one-half; strain; when cold skim off all fat. The next day add a tablespoonful of salt and replace on the fire. Scrape young carrots and cut them into small dice; put these in the soup with cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful each of burned sugar, sharp vinegar and grated carrot. Boil until the carrots are tender and serve.

COOKED CELERY.—Those who know celery only in its raw state lose half the enjoyment of that excellent vegetable. Cut up in small pieces, boiled until tender and seasoned by adding milk, butter and salt to the water in which it is cooked, it makes a delicious dish—toothsome for anybody and especially good for people afflicted with weak nerves. The parts not sufficiently blanched or tender to eat raw may be utilized in this way.

STEAMSHIP DISH.—One pint of grated cheese, one pint bread crumbs, two well beaten eggs, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful salt. Heat a pint of milk boiling hot, with a large spoonful of butter; pour this over the other ingredients and mix well. Cover and set back on the range for three or four hours, stirring occasionally. Half an hour before supper, butter a pie-plate, pour the mixture into it, set in the oven and brown. It should not cook while standing on the range but merely dissolve. Send to the table hot.

HAM GARNISHING AND ORNAMENTING.—The most usual way of garnishing a ham when it is not glazed is to draw off the skin, carefully dredge bread raspings all over the fat, and put the ham before the fire to become brown and crisp. Fasten a frill of white paper round the bone and garnish with parsley or hot vegetables. When served hot at a large dinner it should be glazed, or the rind, while warm, may be carved in any ornamental device. White paper must be placed round the knuckle. Aspic jelly is a favorite garnish for cold ham. If the skin is not ornamented it should be preserved to lay over the ham when it is put aside, as it is useful for keeping in the moisture.—*Caterer.*

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER XV .—*(Continued.)*

It was a proud day to him when he had saved enough to buy a new jacket and trowsers second-hand in Rag Fair. He had had his eye upon them for some days past, and every time his work took him that way, he had run through the market to see if they were still hanging up for sale. They had even had the price reduced by sixpence, which enabled him to buy them a day sooner. He drove a hard bargain for them, giving his old ones as part of the price, and changing them before he left the place. The salesman told him it was a man's suit, and he stood up like a man in it; though Don's tall, thin frame, and his long, pale face looked very little like a man in his strength.

"Little Dot," he said, fondly, as he took the child's small hand into his own, and led her away from the noisy market, "to-morrow's Sunday, and now I've got some new clothes you and me'll go into one of the big churches, into the very biggest of 'em, Dot, where we've never been before. God is sure to be in the very biggest of em, and I think I'm goin' to thank him for my new clothes, and everythink. We can't never see Him you know, but He'll be there, and you and me'll both say, Thank you, won't we, Dot?"

"I'll say sank 'ou, old Don," answered Dot, "and p'raps He'll give me some new clothes, and buns, and pies, and a pritty lady doll."

"It's God as gives us everythink," said Don.

Very early next day they were up and away out of the close atmosphere of the lodging-house, into the sweet fresh air of the summer morning. Don washed Dot's face in a horse-trough under a drinking fountain, and gave himself an unusually careful toilet, being very eager to present a creditable appearance at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral. They were there an hour or two before the time for the morning service, and Don looked up, with a new sense of interest and awe, at the massive pile of building he was going to enter for the first time. As if he had never seen them until now, he gazed upward at the great statues, standing clearly out against the deep blue of the sky, and wondered who they were, and why they should be placed up yonder. The golden cross above the dome, raised highest of all, glittered brightly in the sunshine; but he did not know the meaning of it. It did not speak to Don of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Brother and the Saviour of man.

Nevertheless Don's soul was full of gentle and grateful feelings toward God. There was very much for him to give thanks for. He had saved Dot from her enemies, and from hunger and cold: Dot had never been very hungry, and had never slept out of doors on a bad night. And if he had suffered from hunger and cold himself, it was not worth thinking of—thousands of boys shared the same fate, and he must not grumble. He did not doubt that the good luck he had met with came from God, and now He had given to him a man's suit, which he could never grow out of. There was quite a tremor of gladness and thankfulness in his heart, which could only be calmed by giving thanks to God in His own house.

At last, wearied out with standing, he sat down close beside the door of the cathedral, with Dot on his lap, and waited patiently until a little knot of people began to gather round the entrance. As

LEOPARD FOR LEARNING.

the great bell struck the time for opening, they could hear footsteps within the walls, and Don, with a beating heart, rose to his feet, and seized Dot tightly by the hand. He listened to the key turning in the lock, and the creaking of the hinges, as the door opened, and then of all the multitude that entered St. Paul's that summer Sunday, Dot and Don were the first to cross the threshold.

But what a vast and solemn place it seemed to Don! After his first few eager paces into the cathedral, he stood awestruck and trembling, gazing upward at the high roof overhead, and onward to the shining window in the east, which seemed very far from him. A verger passing by bade him sharply to take his cap off, and he not only hastened to obey him, but he removed Dot's old brown hat as well, and they stood bare-headed in this house of God. He felt frightened yet glad. It was some time before he ventured to take a seat at the very end of a long row of chairs, upon which he sank down, with a deep sigh of bewilderment almost amounting to terror. He felt himself altogether in another world from the world outside. There was nothing here like his common life.

The deep-toned organ and the sweet singing of the choir bewildered him still more. He had never heard anything like it, and he could not understand a single word. He knelt down when those about him knelt, and stood up when they stood; why, he did not know. When the chanting ceased, he could hear afar off a single voice, but what that voice was saying he could not tell.

It was all wonderful, all splendid, all vague to him. It seemed to throw him a long way off from God; for how could he ever learn to pray like this? For a little while his spirits sank very low within him as he listened and wondered, watching the white-robed boys who seemed so much at home in that solemn place. Could he ever become like one of them? Who would teach him what he ought to do?

Yet when the service was ended, and the congregation were loitering inquisitively about the monuments which surrounded them on every hand, Don lifted up his eyes to the angels in the shining window in the east; and with a feeling that God must be very near to him in this strange and awful place, he whispered in a low, almost inaudible voice, "Thank you, God, for everythink."

He turned away with a relieved heart, as if the dim dread of never knowing how to serve God had fallen from him. God was very good to him, though he did not know how to pray like the boys he had been wondering at. It was only noon-day when he and Dot left the cathedral; but for all the remaining hours of that pleasant summer Sunday, as they lingered about the bridges, and by the river side, Don was happy, happier than he had ever been in his life before.

CHAP. XVI —NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD.

But summer cannot last forever. The autumn came early, with a long season of rainy days and gloomy skies, unbroken by sunshine. Don did not know it, but the gathering in of the harvest had been a bad one; for frequent and heavy thunder-storms had damaged the crops, and the country had lost millions of money by the failure of its cornfields. It brought in a hard winter for the poor, and higher prices for the food they had to buy. The rise in flour and bread was not enough to cause anxiety in households moderately well-off, or where work was certain; but to Don, and to thousands like him living from hand to mouth, a smaller penny loaf was a serious calamity. The bakers, too, were more careful of their stale bread, and not so ready to give it away for nothing; even when little Dot's bonny face was lifted up eagerly to them across the counter.

Yet Don did not lose heart, or for a moment entertain a passing thought of giving up Dot to the fate he dreaded for her. He never knew what it was to have the gnawing sense of hunger quite pacified; but he was a boy, almost a man, he said to himself, proudly, and he could bear to be starved and pinched, though a tender little child like Dot could not. She hampered him, and hindered him from undertaking work by which he could have earned much more money than by doing any chance task that fell in his way. The constant watchfulness which his dread for her forced upon him, made it necessary that she should be always somewhere near at hand, that he might assure himself of her safety. If he was hanging about the docks seeking for work, Dot was sure to be close by, sitting by the charcoal fire of some chestnut-roaster, or under the shelter of a fruit-stall. The fear of having her snatched away from him began to haunt him more, and to fill him with sharper care. He could scarcely bear to lose sight of her; but it hindered him from getting on.

The gloomy Autumn crept insensibly into the winter months,

when the days were shortest, and the hours of work with chances of earning money were few. Don had less to do, and more time to rest, but he was always weary, and every doorstep seemed to tempt him to sit down and take breath awhile. It was so long since he had rested himself in a chair, that he could scarcely remember how easy and comfortable were the chairs in that hospital by the sea-side, where his last taste of home-comfort had been. To sit on door-steps and the stone benches of the bridges, or on bits of planks and spare bricks, was all the rest he had had for many a month. He had not given a thought to it before; but when all his limbs ached, and his very bones felt weary as they always did now, the remembrance came back to him vividly of the cushioned rocking-chair by Mrs. Clack's warm fire, where he had been allowed to sit sometimes, nursing little Dot upon his knee. Dot often sat upon his knee still; but how soon he tired of her light weight! Still Don had a good fund of hope and courage within him which kept him from sinking beneath his weariness and hunger. A few months more to struggle through, the summer would be here once more, and all those sunny evenings by the river-side would come again. He had some plans for learning to read during the winter; and he had already put them so far into practice as to prevail upon two or three persons who knew how to read, to teach him a few verses in the little book of texts which had been given to him at the Convalescent Home. Fortunately some of the verses had been marked out by having a black line drawn round them; and the matron had told him those were the texts she most wished him to learn. His first verse was, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." The words were so simple that he could learn them easily. But who was the Son of Man?

Those persons whom he ventured to ask were as ignorant as himself, or if they knew, they either laughed at him or bade him hold his tongue. They did not care to think of Him in the midst of the dreary, miserable, vicious lives they were living. Yet the words had a pleasant melody in them to Don, and something like the wonderful music he had heard in St. Paul's Cathedral; and often he repeated them to himself and little Dot: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

All through the chilly autumn, and the dark winter, the little child was thriving and living happily, even among the squalid hardships of the circumstances surrounding her. Whatever Don went without, Dot had enough, as long as he could procure it for her, and, like all little children, having food and clothing she was quite content. A home Don could not provide for her; and now and then, though the weather was not very wintry, yet she suffered something from the rain and cold. Still his love and care for her preserved her from much harm; her face continued rosy and plump, and she was growing fast, so fast that Don willingly believed it was her increasing size and weight which made her so heavy a burden to him that now he could no longer carry her even a few yards. Dot was a chattering, playful, merry little creature, so full of fun that Don would often carry on a game with her when the perspiration stood thick upon his forehead, and his breath came fitfully and painfully through his pale lips.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BLESSING OF THE LORD it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow to it.

THE KING AND THE PAGE.

A pleasant story is told of the old king Frederick the Great of Prussia. Once when he rang the bell for his page to come and wait on him, there was no answer. So he rang again and still there was no answer. So he went out into the ante-chamber, and there he found his page fast asleep. The step of the king does not waken him, so soundly is he asleep. A letter sticking out of the boy's pocket catches the king's eye, and he is curious enough to take it out and read it. Not any more honorable, that, for a king than for any one else.

But the boy had no reason to be afraid or ashamed of the king's curiosity; for it was a letter from his poor mother, thanking him for sending her his wages, and praying God to reward his kindness and attention. After reading it, the king went softly back to his chamber, took a bag of money, and with the letter slipped it into the pocket of the boy.

Again going to his chamber, he rang the bell loud enough to arouse the sleeper, who immediately answered its summons.

"You have been fast asleep," said the king.

THE KING AND THE PAGE.

Frightened and confused, the poor boy put his hand into his pocket, and what to find but a bag of money. He took it out and, looking up to the king, burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

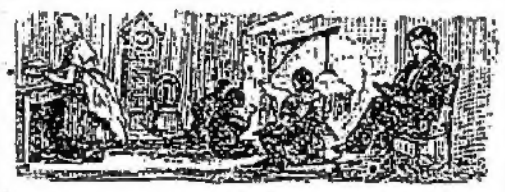
"Ah, sire," cried the poor fellow, throwing himself on his knees before Frederick, "somebody is trying to ruin me. I know nothing about this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said the king, "God takes different ways of helping us. Send the money to your mother. Salute her from me, and tell her I will take good care of both her and you."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LEOPARDS FOR LEARNING.

Mr. Edward S. Morris, of Philadelphia, who owns a large tract of land in Liberia, is seeking to establish a school upon his plantation in order to give an education to some fifty native African youths. The following incident, sent by Mr. Morris to the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, together with the picture on the next page, illustrates how much the young Africans desire an education:

"It was at sunset one beautiful Sabbath day, as I stood for the last time on the beach at Monrovia waiting for my boat to take me out to the anchored vessel in the bay. A little native boy came to me, bowing low. I told him to 'stand up and never bow to man' (believing that to be orthodox to begin with). I said, 'What do you want?' In broken, disjointed English, the best the little fellow could utter, and pointing out to the ship he said, 'You God-man take me to big America, big ship.' 'What for?' I asked. He answered, 'Me learn big English, you,' In consequence of my then enervated condition, resulting from overwork, I was forced to say 'No' to the little fellow; whereupon he immediately drew forth from the folds of a cloth around him two little leopards, alive, with unopened eyes, and presenting them said, 'Me give him; you take me big America, big ship, learn big English.' Think of it, Mr. Editor, the mother leopard must to his knowledge have been near when he captured her kittens; still that hungry, thirsting child risked his life to earn a passage to America solely to gain an education. Try and believe me when I assert there are thousands of such courageous boys in the Niger Valley alone, and as many more in Soudan thus burning for education."



The Family Circle.

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

From an old English parsonage down by the sea,
There came in the twilight a message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me, teaching for heaven;
And as through the hours the quiet words ring
Like a low inspiration—"Do the next thing,"

Many a questioning, many a fear,
Many a doubt hath its quieting here,
Moment by moment, let down from heaven,
Time, opportunity, guidance are given.
Fear not to-morrows, child of the King;
Trust them with Jesus—"Do the next thing."

Oh! He would have thee daily more free;
Knowing the might of thy royal degree.
Ever in waiting glad for His call,
Tranquil in chastening, trusting through all.
Comings and goings no turmoil need bring;
His all thy future—"Do the next thing."

Do it immediately, do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly, casting all care;
Do it with reverence, tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee with earnest command.
Stayed on omnipotence, "safe" 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings—"Do the next thing."

Looking to Jesus, ever serener,
Working or suffering by thy demeanor;
In the shade of His presence, the rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance, live out thy psalm.
Strong in His faithfulness, praise Him and sing;
Then as He beckons thee—"Do the next thing."

—*Selected.*

WHAT BLOSSOM'S FLOWERS DID.

He was almost down to the gate, when he heard Blossom's voice calling, "Papa! papa! you've forgotten something;" and, wondering what it could be, he turned to see Blossom bounding down the broad walk, her little hands full of flowers, her cheeks like the roses she was carrying, and the disappointed look all gone from the brown eyes, when they saw that papa hadn't gone yet, after all. Of course he remembered when he saw the flowers; for when the roses had begun to bloom in the early summer, clambering all over the house and filling the air with sweetness, Blossom thought in her tender little heart that it was too bad for papa to have to leave them every morning and go to the big noisy city, which scared her even to think about, and sit all day in the dingy office with no flowers, no sweet smell,—nothing but some big spider-webs in a corner of the wall and some old books with rows of figures so long that it made her head dizzy to look at them. Poor papa! So every morning, through the beautiful summer, Blossom had picked the sweetest posies she could find for him, and the bright little flowers would have been sadly missed from the big window by more than one tired, hard-worked man, who paused a moment each morning in the bustle and worry to catch a breath of the sweet country summer. This was the first time that papa had let thoughts of the big books and figures crowd out Blossom's little bouquet, and now, when he saw her coming, he thought of all this, and how dark and sombre the office would have been that morning had there been no flowers for Blossom's vase. When he told her so, she said, with a happy smile, "I thought you'd feel sorry, so I ran to catch you as fast as I could," and Blossom gave the flowers a gentle little good-by pat as she put them into her father's hand. "I'll not forget them again, little daughter. Good-by," and the father bent to kiss the bright face, thinking tenderly, as fathers will, that no flower in all his big garden was half so fair and sweet as this one.

All day Blossom's papa, worried and anxious, bent over the big books. All day Blossom's flowers brightened the little office, as they had done so many days before; and the father, glancing at them from time to time, grew strong in his determination to keep his own hands as free from stain as the innocent little ones that picked the "posies."

And now the lights begin to twinkle here and there in the great city. People go hurrying by, some with bright faces and light step to a happy home and a loving welcome, others thinking with desolate hearts that nowhere in all the big city was there a home for them. So it is, little ones, the wide world over, some hearts go singing while others weep.

The clerks of the big store opposite the window where Blossom's flowers stand, are hurrying to get everything ready for the night. Some are pulling the linen dusters over the long counters, others putting the covers on boxes of gay ribbons that have been proudly showing off all day. The little cash-boys are flying about, picking up stray pieces of paper and doing all they can to keep out of the way of the clerks, some of whom are pretty cross by this time. I'm sure the one who is pulling down the shades in the big show-window is good-natured, for he has a smiling face, and the voice is a pleasant one, that says, as he takes a last look into the street before leaving the window:

"I declare, there he is again!"

"There who is again? Are you crazy?" asked the dapper little man at the glove counter, so crossly that if I were a little cash-boy I should try very hard to keep out of his way.

"Come here and I'll show you. There, do you see that boy standing in front of the window where the flowers are? Well, he's the queerest-acting chap I ever saw. Every time I've looked out to-day he's either been standing right where he is now, or else he's been on this side staring at that window. Once, as I looked out, he seemed to imagine that some one was watching him, for he suddenly started off around the corner; but the next time I looked, there he was again, and I confess I'd like to know what ails him. I wonder now if it can be that the fellow wants those flowers for anything," he went on after a minute, as if a sudden thought struck him. "I'll bet you now, that's what he's after. Flowers are not so common to that sort, you know."

"Flowers?" sniffed the glove-man, contemptuously, "what do you suppose such a dirty rascal as he is wants with flowers; come, you'd better leave your interesting subject alone, and get ready to go to supper."

So the two turned and left the window. The little man wondered what any one could find interesting in a dirty boot-black, who probably hardly knew what a glove was, and the other with a feeling of sympathy in his heart for the ragged, homeless boy, whose queer actions had so puzzled him all day. He would have been much more puzzled had he looked out a moment later, for he would have seen this same boy suddenly bound up the steps of the big iron stair-way opposite, three steps at a time, as if he were afraid his resolution would give out if he went slower, and then knock at one of the doors at the top.

"Come in," said Blossom's papa, for the knock was at his office.

When Jem opened the door, his heart was thumping so loudly that he was sure the tall gentleman must hear it, and he couldn't say a word—just stood twirling his old cap, and growing redder in the face every minute.

"Well," said the gentleman kindly, pitying the boy's embarrassment, "What can I do for you, sir?"

Jem found his tongue after the pleasant words, and seeing that the gentleman had his hat in his hand, said boldly, "Be you a goin' home, Mister? have you got done with them?" and Jem jerked his thumb very significantly in the direction of Blossom's flowers.

"With the flowers, do you mean? Why—yes—why?" asked the gentleman with a perplexed look, wondering what the boy meant, and what he wanted with Blossom's flowers.

"Well, you see, Mister," Jem went on hurriedly, "there's a little chap wots my brother, that aint had no comfort o' livin' since he got a fall, and a big hump came on his back. He aint got no mother, nobody to take care of him but just me. He don't say nuthin about it, but he's growin' weaker and sicker every day. I aint got no fears but he'll get up there fast enough," and Jem pointed with a very dirty finger to the ceiling. "That's made for little chaps like he is, but its a goin' to be awful lonesome when Dan ain't here," and there was a little tremble in Jem's rough voice, and a grimy hand quickly brushed away the tears he was ashamed to have the gentleman see. "That little feller's awful fond o' flowers he is," continued Jem, giving himself a shake, and looking wistfully at Blossom's little bouquet, "an he's all the time a talking 'bout some medders he sees when he's asleep, where them things grows, a smellen so sweet, but he aint seen one true for a year, mebbe two. This mornin' when I was a skippen past the winder, I seen them, an' I thinks to myself I could get them now, if I had some tin, and I fell a thinkin' how Dan's eyes would pop when he seen me comin' with 'em, an' somehow I couldn't keep away from the winder, an' so I didn't git so much shinin' to do as usual, but here's ten cents, Mister. Will that git 'em!" asked Jem anxiously, making a dive into the pockets of his ragged pants. He wondered why the gentleman waited so long before he answered, and why when he put the flowers into his hands, his voice should have sounded so queer, as he said:

"Take them, my boy, but there's not money enough in all New York to buy them. I'm sorry they are not more, but take them to Dan, and tell him that a little girl named Blossom sends them to him with her love, and come to-morrow and she'll send a bigger bunch."

"O, thank you, sir! thank you!" exclaimed Jem joyfully, finding it hard to believe that the coveted flowers were really his, and the ten cents beside. And then, without another word, he ran down the big stairs out into the street, and disappeared in the crowd.

The gentleman waited awhile, thinking perhaps the boy might come back, but as he did not, he locked his office door, and started toward home, thinking all the way of the sweet little story of a patient life, and how happy Blossom would be when he told her that her flowers had helped to brighten it.

It had been such a long day to Dan! perhaps because his back had ached harder than usual, perhaps because the good-natured washerwoman up-stairs hadn't found time to put her head inside the door to ask how he was "getting along," as she did most every day; and so he had been alone all day. Over and over again he had counted the bricks in the floor, and waited and watched for the long streak of sunshine, which at just such a time every afternoon fell on the floor through a crack in the wall, and kept growing shorter and shorter, till it got to the broken brick by the door, and then a little while after that, Jem always came. To-day he had watched it grow shorter and shorter till it had disappeared altogether, and still Jem hadn't come; what could be the matter? And Dan raised himself up on his elbow to listen. Hark! yes, there he was coming at last! He could tell Jem's step a long way off; and with a sigh of satisfaction he dropped back on his pillow, just as Jem came in out of breath, holding one hand behind him, and a very knowing, mischievous look on his face. "Well, old fellow, how are you?" said Jem cheerily, coming to the side of the little bed, still keeping his hand out of sight. "I ain't seen you look so chirk in a long while; why, your eyes is awful bright!"

"O Jem," said tired little Dan, looking with proud admiration at the big, strong brother, who was never anything but gentle and restful to him. "I'm so glad you're come, you was gone such a long while to-day."

"Be you? Well, I got suthin' for you as is goin' to make you a heap gladder, if I knows myself. Guess what, now?"

"O Jem, I can't; you tell me," said little Dan wearily; and then seeing the look of disappointment in Jem's face, he added quickly, "Is it oranges?"

"No sir," said Jem emphatically, "it's a big sight better nor oranges. Just you give a little sniff round; now don't you smell nuthin'?"

"O Jem, where are they? It's flowers, give 'em to me." And there was no lack of interest now in the tired voice; and the thin little hands were stretched out, eager to clasp the sweet flowers which for so long a time the sick boy had seen only in his dreams.

"There!" exclaimed Jem triumphantly, as Dan laid his cheek lovingly against the bright little faces of the flowers, and held them tight, as if he were afraid that they would vanish like those shadowy ones, which always left him when the morning came.

"There! didn't I tell you it was suthin' way up? An' a 'little girl named Blossom sent 'em to you with her love,' was wot the gentleman told me to say."

"What gentleman, Jem? where did you get 'em?" asked Dan, too much absorbed in his treasures to ask before.

And then Jem told all about how he'd seen the flowers in the window, and wanted them so much, but didn't dare to ask for them for a long while, and how, when he did the gentleman was so kind and put the flowers right in his hand, and wouldn't take a cent! Dan listened with sparkling eyes, and his heart was full of gratitude to the good gentleman and kind little girl, who had sent her love to a poor "little chap" like him. For a long time the one talked, while the other listened, and then, with the good-night kiss, which had never failed him since Dan could remember, Jem trudged off to his corner; and who shall say that the flowers did not whisper to little Dan all through the long dark night of those beautiful far-away meadows, where "flowers deathless spring," for when the cold gray dawn crept into the room, Blossom's flowers were all faded and their sweetness gone, but the little hands that held them would never be tired any more, and Jem knew when he looked at the pale, still face, lighted now by a happy smile, that the "poor little chap" was well at last.

For almost a week the gentleman waited, wondering each day why Jem did not come to get "Dan's flowers," as Blossom called them now. At last, one day he appeared at the door, with a little piece of old crape pinned to the side of his faded cap, and such a lonesome, desolate look on his face, that the gentleman knew, before the boy said a word, that Dan didn't need the flowers any more.

"I aint got no reason for comin', Mister, 'cause I ain't got no use for flowers now," said Jem, bravely trying to steady his voice and appear indifferent, "but I thought as mebbe you'd tell that little girl wot sent her love, why I didn't come back for those other ones."

"I will, my boy, I will," said the gentleman, putting his hand sympathizingly on the boy's shoulder, "and she'll be so sorry for you, but I know what she'll say about Dan."

"What?" asked Jem, eagerly.

"That she knows," continued the gentleman, "he hasn't got a hump any more, and is well, up there."

Neither of them spoke for a little while after that, and then the gentleman asked suddenly, "Can you read?"

"No," said Jem, looking at him in surprise, "I never had no time."

"Would you like to learn how?"

"O yes, indeed, sir!" exclaimed Jem, his whole face bright with eager anticipation.

"Well, I'm very busy now, but come to-morrow, and we'll talk about it," said the gentleman, smiling at the boy's excitement, and busily thinking over in his mind a nice little plan he meant to propose to Blossom and her mamma, when he got home that night. Of course Jem had a great deal to do with this plan—in fact, it was all about him; and as I'm sure you'll never guess what it is, you'll have to listen to what Blossom's papa is saying to her and her mamma, and then you'll know.

"I feel a great interest in this poor lad," he is saying. "He is very quick and bright, and there is the right kind of stuff in him, if I'm not mistaken, to make a good useful man, if it is moulded by kind hands in a Christian home; but with no restraining influences, no friends and no associates but his present ones, I sadly fear he will not come to good. Now it has occurred to me, mother, that if you were willing, we might do something for this homeless waif. Give him a home with us and send him to a good school where he can get his mind fixed up. I don't believe we will ever regret the experiment, or think we have made a mistake. What do you say?"

'Of course let him come, the poor dear," said Blossom's mamma, finding room in her heart for a hundred motherless, homeless boys, and little Blossom herself danced about clapping her hands, and begging papa to bring "Dan's brother" to-morrow. So that settled it, and Jem came, and loved his good

friends with all the strength of his boy's nature, and in every way possible tried to show how grateful he was for their goodness. He studied so hard to improve that at the end of a year you would never recognize, I'm sure, in the clean, intelligent, manly-looking boy, with the gentle voice and happy face, the dirty, desolate boot-black, who had so filled the gentleman's heart with pity. Sometimes loving memories of dear little Dan would make him sad, in spite of his new happiness; and often, as he and Blossom sat together in the twilight, talking low and tenderly about him, for Blossom was never tired hearing the sweet little story, an irresistible longing to see the "little chap" again would fill his heart, but a glance at the bright stars always made him feel that Dan was better off up there, where they were, and so he was content; and next to God, Jem loved the sweet little Blossom who by her loving thoughtfulness of others, had opened the way for him to a happy home.—*New York Evangelist.*

OLD DAN.

Farmer Henderson came in from the barn one morning with his hands and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red and his eyes flashing.

"Ned!" he shouted, as he entered the kitchen. "Where's Ned?"

"Here I am!" came a cheery voice in reply; and an instant after, a bright, strong boy, of some sixteen years, entered the old-fashioned country kitchen from the adjoining woodshed, where he had been cutting potatoes for the day's planting. "Do you want anything?"

"I want to tell you just this," said Mr. Henderson, as he washed himself at the sink, and rubbed his weather-beaten face with the coarse towel until it was even more red than before. "Old Dan must be killed! Just see the state I am in, and all from that worthless old rascal! I won't have him about the house another day. He's good for nothing but to make trouble and he must be shot before night!" added the farmer, wrathfully.

Ned was about to plead for his pet, when his little sister came into the room.

"Why, papa, what is the matter?" she cried, running to him in astonishment. "Did you fall into the creek?"

"I might as well," he replied, half laughing. "Old Dan butted me into the watering-trough!"

There was a shout of laughter from both children, in which their mother joined.

"Well, Jedediah," said Mrs. Henderson, coming into the kitchen and still shaking with mirth, "what could you have been thinking about to let an old ram, 'most twenty years old, knock you into the watering-trough?"

"But," exclaimed her husband, "he took me unawares. I had just filled one pail to carry to the barn, and was stooping to dip the other, when the old rascal came at me like the wind and knocked me completely into the water! He scampered, I tell you, before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. Anyhow, he's got to be killed to-day sure. He's only a nuisance, and I'll shoot him to-night, when we come back from town, if he's on the farm!"

Two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away to be absent from home until night. As they rattled out of the yard, Old Dan suddenly appeared close to the gate, and, wagging his tail as if in derision, gave utterance to a hoarse "Baa-a!"

The farmer turned, shook his whip at the fellow and cried, "This is your last day, my boy! make the most of it."

Ned and Carrie were the only children. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered for awhile whether there was any way of averting Old Dan's sad fate, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, planting potatoes with Bronson, the hired man, in the "back lot."

But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get, all before twelve o'clock.

Time fled. The dishes stood in shining rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a faint knock at the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, the little girl did not rise, but called—

"Come in!"

The door was slowly opened, and a man stepped within.

He wore a long, black coat, buttoned to the chin and very threadbare. His trousers too, were black and shiny; and much too short for him. On one foot was a boot, while the other was graced by a ragged shoe. He carried a battered silk hat in his hand. His face was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and altogether he was a queer looking visitor.

"Is your ma at home, miss?" said he, in a half whine, as he glanced sharply around the room.

"No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering why he asked; "She has gone to Underhill. Did you wish to see her?"

"Oh, no," the man replied. "I only asked out of politeness, you know," and he smiled solemnly at the little girl, and winked one eye. "No, I came out on business with your pa—particular, urgent business. S'pose he's round, is he not?"

"No, sir; he went to town with mother," said Carrie.

"Now that's too bad!" exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself; "and I've come so far to see him! But perhaps your brother or sister would do as well."

"I haven't any sister," said the little hostess, laughing, "and my brother's over in the back lot. He'll be in by-and-by, though, if he'll do.

"Well, I don't hardly believe he will, after all," said the man, shaking his head thoughtfully, "and I can't wait to-day, anyway, I haint the time. But I'm terrible hungry. If I could, I'd stay to dinner, miss. However, under the circumstances, perhaps you had better give me a light lunch before I go; a piece of pie and a cup of tea, and a little cold meat, or something of that sort."

"Oh, certainly; only I can't give you the meat, for we haven't it in the house," said Carrie, rising; "but I will find something." And she brought from the pantry a whole apple-pie, which she placed before him, with a knife and fork.

"If you will help yourself, I'll have the tea ready in three minutes."

"All right, my dear!" said the man, seizing the knife and drawing the pie toward him. "I will act upon your advice. The last time I took dinner with Gen. Grant," he continued, as he cut a great piece and began to eat, he said to me, 'Governor, Governor, said he, 'never disregard a lady's advice,' and I have always remembered what he said;" and he chuckled merrily, and nodded his head at the delicious looking pastry before him.

Carrie wondered a little at the table-manners of the man who had dined with Grant, but she steeped his tea, flavored it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him.

"I am not much of a hand for tea," said the man as he drained the cup, "but my doctor says that I must drink it for my digestion. Ruined my digestion while I was in the army, you see;" and he winked solemnly. "By the way," he continued, picking up the silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as neat a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too. I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them."

"Mother has only eleven," said Carrie, in her innocence, "and she is very proud of them; but I will show them to you."

Then she brought the little box with the precious table-silver,—eleven teaspoons, four tablespoons, and an ancient cream jug, all pure silver, and shining brightly,—and placed them before her inquisitive visitor to admire.

He had finished his "light lunch." That is, the pie was demolished, and the teapot empty. As the little girl handed him the treasures, he arose, took the box to the window, examined its contents with a critical eye for a moment, and then, as if in joyful surprise, cried:

"I am right! They are the very spoons! The very same identical spoons that my friend lost when he was a boy! How lucky it is that I have found them at last!"

With these words, and a very low bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and a silver cream pitcher down the path toward the gate.

For an instant Carrie stood motionless; then rushing after him, she shrieked:

"Give me those spoons! They are my mother's spoons, and you are trying to steal them! You are a thief, a thief! Bring them back! bring them back!"

The man, however, paid no attention to the child's cries, but ran rapidly down the path, carrying the box in his arms; and the spoons and pitcher would have been lost forever if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

Old Dan was quietly nibbling the grass near the gateway. Hearing his little mistress's voice, he looked up at the very instant that the tramp passed. What he saw about the man that disturbed him, I don't know; but, erecting his head with a hoarse "Baa-a!" he shot after him like a cannon-ball.

The man turned to receive him and defend himself, but the ram struck him fairly in front and knocked him, half-senseless, flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions.

For an instant the fellow remained sprawling in the dust; then he slowly arose, limping and groaning, and without a glance at his enemy, began to gather up his stolen spoils.

He had partly completed his task when Old Dan, who all this time had been watching the proceeding from beneath his shaggy eye-brows, shook his long beard, and with another tremendous "Baa-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his treasures flying from his hands.

And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man recovered his feet and turned upon the ram, kicking and striking at him furiously, while Dan, accustomed to such warfare from years of experience with the boys of the country-side, easily eluded him, and in return, butted him to the earth again and again.

The spoons and cream-pitcher were knocked hither and thither, as the combatants struggled, the road was trampled into something like a race-course, the air was filled with very bad language, very angry baas, and a great cloud of dust.

But after some five minutes victory declared itself upon the side of the quadruped, and bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, minus hat and shoe, the vanquished man suddenly turned away, and ran limping down the road, leaving his antagonist in full possession of the field and the stolen silver.

Old Dan remained motionless, gazing after his enemy, until he disappeared around a distant turn in the road, then, shaking the dust from his coarse wool, he gave utterance to a low grumble of satisfaction and, wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in front of the house.

Half an hour later, as Carrie washed the coveted spoons and the bright little pitcher, and laid them away carefully once more, she told her brother the story, and how the robber was foiled; and Ned, full of enthusiasm, cried:

"We will not kill old Dan at all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for a hundred dollars!"

And the boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp and conquered him. He won his master's regard, and a free, happy life for the remainder of his days.—*F. E. Hamilton, in Youth's Companion.*

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

A curious story has just come to light in Boston which illustrates in a remarkable manner the change which time brings forth. Many years ago a young fellow named Bigelow was sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the university. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at work his old associates cut him and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, failed to recognize him when they met. One day when going from his work, he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted he should call and see her, as he had always done. She said: "There is no change in you as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the Mayor of New Haven, with an income of $100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for his indebtedness; and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young workboy at college.

Question Corner.—No. 9.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

97. What prophet in the New Testament foretells a famine which afterward occurred in the days of Claudius Cæsar?
98. What king and what prophet refer to the slavery of the Israelites in Egypt as the "furnace of iron"?
99. Who in the midst of starvation prophesied plenty on the morrow?
100. Where in the Bible is mention made of a library?
101. Where and by whom was the first missionary meeting held?
102. A king of Babylon put out the eyes of a captured king of Judah. Who were these kings?
103. When was the feast of tabernacles celebrated for the first time after the death of Joshua?
104. Whose life was lengthened fifteen years in answer to prayer?
105. What king of Judah was smitten with leprosy for attempting to burn incense to the Lord?
106. By whom and to whom was it said "Come with us and we will do thee good"?
107. What was the early Bible name for Prophet?
108. With what people was the first battle fought by the Israelites after leaving Egypt?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A tree with which a famous temple was built.
2. A tree under which idols were buried.
3. A prophet whom a king of Judah slew with the sword.
4. A city in Egypt, prophesied against by three prophets.
5. A tree into which one climbed to see Christ.
6. The place where the spies obtained the bunch of grapes.
7. One called "the beloved physician."
8. One whose heart the Lord opened.
9. One from whom our Lord was a descendant.
10. One who caused her son to deceive.

The above *initials* form a name by which our Lord was called in the Old Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

73. Into Judæa, Samaria and Galilee.
74. In Galilee.
75. When healing the cripple at Lystria, Acts xiv. 8.
76. Three, Jairus' daughter, Matt. ix. 25, The son of the widow of Nain, Luke vii. 15, Lazarus, John xi. 44.
77. Matthias, Acts i. 23.
78. By the order of Herod, Acts xii. 2.
79. The Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44.
80. St. Paul, 2 Thessalonians iii. 13.
81. Archelaus, Matt. ii. 22.
82. Claudius, Acts xviii. 2.
83. Zoar, Genesis xix. 22, 23.
84. At the age of fifty, Num. viii. 25.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ANAMMELECH—2 Kings xvii. 31.

1. Heman—1 Kings iv. 31.
2. Camel—Lev. xi. 4.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Clara Cline, 10; Carrie B. Elrick 12; Kate Wismer, 8; William Walsh, 9.

To No. 6.—Sarah S. Crossby, 12; Cora M. McIntyre, 12; Archie McDonald, 8; Martha Van Dusen, 11; Herbert W. Hewitt, 11; Ella Beckett 12 en; David McGee, 12; C. A. Redmond, 10; Flora Jane Craig, 11; Jacob Hunter, 10; William Walsh, 10; Maggie Sutherland, 10 en; E. R. Blanchard, 11; Harry E. Gowan, 12 en.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.

LESSON VI.

MAY 9.]

JESUS AND THE YOUNG.

Matt. 19: 13-26.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-15.

13. Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray; and the disciples rebuked them.

14. But Je-sus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

15. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

16. And, behold, one came and said unto him, *Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I* may have eternal life?

17. And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

18. He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness.

19. Honor thy father and thy mother: and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

20. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

21. Je-sus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

22. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

23. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.

24. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

25. When his disciples heard it, they were exceeding amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?

26. But Je-sus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 19: 14.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is the children's best Friend.

NOTES.—In this lesson Jesus reveals himself as the great divine Friend of childhood. Of all others, this is the children's chapter. See them coming, the mothers with little children in their arms, others, perhaps, clinging to their skirts. They have difficulty in getting through the crowd which throngs Jesus, but they persevere, and at last, every obstacle overcome, Jesus takes their little ones in his arms, and putting his hands on their heads, blesses them. Happy mothers! blessed children! How differently terminates the visit of the young man! Old enough to know the way, he comes to the Master and has "a little talk with Jesus;" but, not willing to comply with the requirements of Jesus, he decides for self, and goes away sorrowful and unsaved.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS. (I.) JESUS AND THE CHILDREN. (II.) JESUS AND THE YOUNG MAN. (III.) JESUS AND THE DISCIPLES.

I. JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.—(13-15.) THEN, immediately following the conversation in vs. 3-12; BROUGHT, otherwise would not have reached Jesus; LITTLE, "infants" (Luke 18: 15); HANDS ON THEM, he took them in his arms; he always does more for us than we ask or expect; DISCIPLES, some such to-day; THEM, those that brought the children; JESUS SAID, rebuked the rebukers; SUFFER, permit; LITTLE, helpless, innocent; FORBID THEM NOT, put nothing in their way, help them; OF SUCH (Matt. 18: 3); LAID HIS HANDS, all difficulties overcome; children in Jesus' arms were blessed.

II. JESUS AND THE YOUNG MAN.—(16-22.) ONE, a "young man," v. 20; a "ruler" (Luke 18: 18); CAME, of his own accord, not brought; GOOD MASTER, a polite address simply; WHAT... DO, nothing that we can do will save us; I... I, thinks to save himself by some meritorious act; WHY, Jesus knows the young man does not address him as divine, but simply as a Jewish rabbi; WHICH, he imagines he is perfect here; JESUS SAID, quotes the second table of the law; THY NEIGHBOR, a summary of the second table; ALL, the young claims to have violated nothing; WHAT LACK, still a sense of want; GO... SELL, the great test; it means prefer Christ to self, to riches, to all things; WHEN, his eyes now opened; self is his god, he is a slave to his wealth, and will not yield; WENT AWAY, sad thought! never returned.

III. JESUS AND THE DISCIPLES.—(23-26.) RICH MAN, "that trusteth in riches;" HARDLY, not hopeless; CAMEL'S EYE... NEEDLE, a proverbial expression, probably for an impossible thing; EXCEEDINGLY, greatly, AMAZED, astonished; WHO THEN, a Christian's wealth must be consecrated. Says one, "I doubt the conversion of a man whose purse is not converted;" BEHELD, with kindly sympathy; POSSIBLE, faith in Christ will save the rich man "Whosoever will may come."

LITTLE CHILDREN	YOUNG MAN
BROUGHT TO JESUS BY PARENTS TO BE BLESSED.	CAME TO CHRIST FOR CONSULTATION
OPPOSITION	
WITHOUT	WITHIN
REMOVED.	REMAINED.
WENT	AWAY
BLESSED.	SORROWFUL.

LESSON VII.

MAY 16.]

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Matt. 22: 1-14.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11-14.

1. And Je-sus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said,

2. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son,

3. And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come.

4. Again he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage.

5. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise:

6. And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully and slew them.

7. But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.

8. Then saith he to his servants, the wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy.

9. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.

10. So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.

11. And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment:

12. And he saith unto him, Friend how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

13. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

14. For many are called, but few are chosen.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.—Matt. 22: 9.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

To reject the gospel offer is ruin.

INTRODUCTORY.—"This parable was spoken in the temple, immediately following that of the wicked husbandmen in the preceding chapter. "Its object," says Bloomfield, "was, it seems, twofold: 1. As being partly historical and partly prophetical, to shadow forth the general fortunes of the gospel in its early stage. Thus it represents the invitation given to the Jews to embrace the gospel, the rejection of that offer, the severe punishment to be inflicted on them for their disobedience, and the admission of the Gentiles, in their stead, to the privileges of Christianity. 2. It was meant to represent the peculiar nature of the Gospels as a dispensation of grace through faith, and thus to afford instruction for every age of the Church."

NOTES.—WEDDING. The right of marriage was anciently, as now, a very important occasion, and was celebrated by a great feast, which sometimes lasted from three to six days. None but invited guests were present, and the ceremony was at the house of the bridegroom.—WEDDING GARMENT. "Much more regard is paid in the East to the proprieties of costume for particular occasions than among us. To appear at a royal marriage in one's ordinary dress could have nothing less in it than the most gross contempt"—*Whedon.*

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE INVITED GUESTS. (II.) THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS. (III.) THE REJECTED GUEST.

I. THE INVITED GUESTS.—(2-7.) KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, Christ's spiritual reign; KING, God the Father; MARRIAGE, Christ's union with the Church; SON, Jesus Christ; HIS SERVANTS, "John the Baptist, the twelve and the seventy."—*Alford*; CALL... BIDDEN, two invitations, one to prepare, the other to come; WEDDING, feast and rite; OTHER SERVANTS, the apostles and others after the resurrection; PREPARED, the spotless Lamb is slain; MADE LIGHT, slight the offers of salvation; FARM... MERCHANDISE, indifferent worldliness; REMNANT, openly hostile, persecutors; HIS ARMIES, armies of Vespasian and Titus (see Isa. 10: 5, 6; Jer. 25: 9, 11); THEIR CITY, Jerusalem.

II. THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS.—(8-10.) NOT WORTHY, because of their rejecting the invitation (see Acts 13: 46); HIGHWAYS, streets and public places; AS MANY AS, all are now invited; WENT OUT, "into the world;" BAD AND GOOD, "whosoever will may come;" WEDDING WAS FURNISHED, Christ's mission shall not be in vain.

III. THE REJECTED GUEST—(11-14.) WHEN, at the judgment day; HE SAW (Ps. 139: 1-12; Jer 17: 10); WEDDING GARMENT, Christ's righteousness "an earnest Christian life." (Isa. 61: 10; Gal. 3 27), FRIEND, "the politeness of solemn rebuke." SPEECHLESS, who can reply to God when he comes in judgment? Those who are now brave and boastful in sin will then be dumb with terror. SERVANTS, not the guests at the feast but the servants of the king: BIND HIM, as a criminal for his doom; TAKE HIM AWAY, (Rev. 21: 27; 22: 15); OUTER DARKNESS, eternal banishment; WEEPING... GNASHING, (ch. 25: 30; Rev 14: 10; 20: 10; 21: 8); MANY ARE CALLED (see vs. 9, 10,) preach the gospel unto every creature; FEW ARE CHOSEN, because they do not accept the call; all who accept the invitation or call, are admitted or chosen to be guests.

CALLED
HONORED
I AM OWNED AS A GUEST,
SECURE
EXALTED
NUMBERED

CALLED
CHOSEN BY CHRIST.
CROWNED

TO WORKERS.

Our new prize list is not ready, but our workers continue their successful exertions to double the MESSENGER subscription lists during the present year, and every day we receive many letters of commendation from pleased readers and from more than satisfied prize winners who have raised their clubs and gained their premium gifts.

THE LITTLE SWISS GIRL, WHO DIED TO SAVE HER FATHER'S LIFE.

BY THE REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND, M.A

My dear little friend,—I want to tell you about a little girl in Switzerland who died to save her father's life. I hope it will lead you to think of Him who died a dreadful death on the cross, that we might be saved from sin and sorrow here, and at last dwell with him in bright mansions in the skies.

This little girl lived near a deep ravine at the foot of one of the mountains in Switzerland. A huge rock had fallen down the mountain-side, and lodged in the ravine, and thus made a natural bridge, so that those who wished to pass from one side of the mountain to the other, could cross the bridge. The mother of this child was an earnest Christian, and often told her daughter about the blessed Saviour, who died in the place of sinners, who deserved to be punished, that they might be forgiven and saved in heaven. And she told her also that unless she came to Jesus, and trusted in Him she would be lost forever. At first the little girl did not care very much about what her mother said, but at last her mother's prayers were answered. Her little one felt herself to be a lost sinner, and that Christ alone could save her. God's Spirit taught her that Jesus had paid the debt, and that He stood with open arms ready to receive her, and wash her sins away. So she went to Jesus, and trusted in Him. Then she felt sure that heaven would be her home for ever. Her father was not a Christian. He never gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

One day when about to cross the deep ravine upon the rock bridge, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little child that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces.

The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the dear little thing saw that he was determined to go, she asked if she could go with him.

While they were walking along together, she looked up in her father's face, and said, "Father, if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven?"

"Pshaw!" he said, "what put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a wee thing, and will live many years."

"Yes but if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?"

"But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it," he said.

"But if I should die, do promise, father, you will be a good Christian, and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven."

"Yes, yes!" he said at last.

When they came near the crossing place, she said, "Father, please stand here a minute." She loved him dearly, and was willing to run the risk of dying for him. Strange as it may seem, she walked quickly and jumped upon the loose rock and down it went with the little girl. She was crushed to death. The trembling parent crept to the edge, and with eyes dim with tears, gazed wildly upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he had never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus, who had suffered much more to save him from the "bottomless pit." And then he thought of the promise he so carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God to have mercy upon him?

If they meet in heaven, do you think that daughter will be sorry that she sacrificed her life for her father's sake? Can you not imagine that tears often filled the eyes of that father when he spoke of his sainted little one?

You would say he would have been a very wicked man if he had not loved the memory of his child. But is it not a thousand times more wicked for you not to love Him who has loved you so much more than that little one loved her father?

How can you help loving such a precious Saviour? Will you not ask Him to forgive you, and help you to live for Him the rest of your life?

THERE IS A very touching little story told of a poor woman with two little children, who had not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any clothes to cover them. In depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of a cellar off the hinges, and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained of how badly off they were. "Mother, what does those dear little children do who have no cellar door to put up in front of them?" Even there, you see, the little heart for thankfulness.—*Interior.*

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